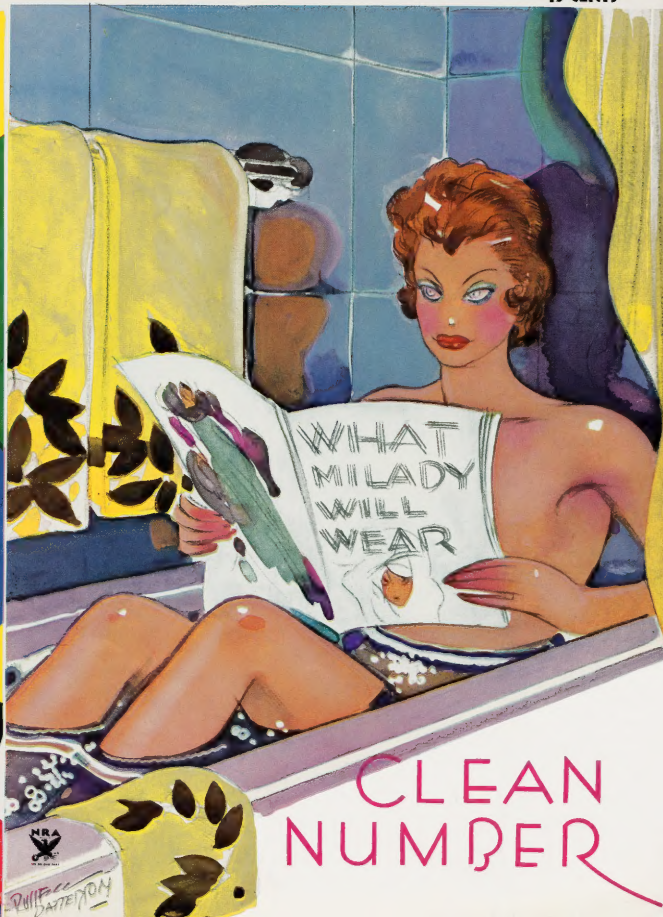


# BALLYHOO

MARCH

15 CENTS



CLEAN  
NUMBER

# There's a good night's SLEEP in the palm of your hand



**H**OW easy, how simple, how soothing it is to rub the palm of the hand on the back of the neck, and drift away in natural, refreshing slumber.

That's all there is to it, when you use Absorbine Jr. Thousands have tried it—and nine out of ten who write us say it brings safe, restful sleep in just a few ticks of the clock.

### Try it tonight!

Just before you get in bed, pour out a palmful of Absorbine Jr.

and stroke the back of the neck, with slow, firm pressure, rubbing away from the brain. Then stretch out, relax, and inhale its faint fragrance, breathing with the deep, slow, even regularity of a person sound asleep.

That's the way to bring rest and peaceful relaxation to a body too tired, too tense to

sleep. Won't you try it—and sleep?



Absorbine Jr. is sold at all drug stores, \$1.25.

If you'd like a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 416 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

## ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



Used by thousands for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

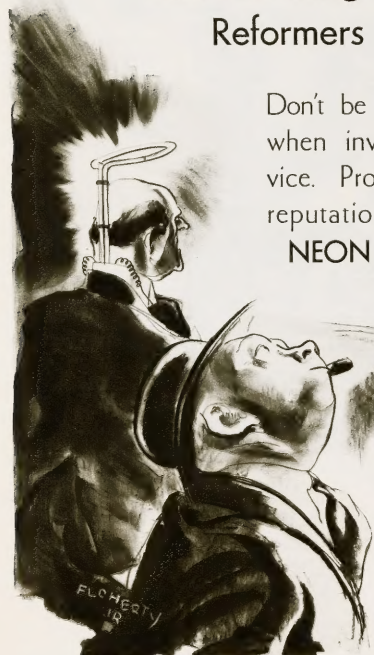
# What the Well Dressed Puritan will wear . . .

The

# NEON HALO

## Just the thing for Reformers

Don't be misjudged  
when investigating  
vice. Protect your  
reputation with a  
**NEON HALO**



The  
**NEON HALO**

is illuminated by a small battery  
carried in the pocket and shines  
brightly even in broad daylight.

Show the world that you are pure  
in mind and body by wearing a  
**NEON HALO. It shines!**

BALLYHOO, March, 1934, Vol. 6, No. 2. Published monthly and copyrighted by the Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President and Treas.; H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Sec'y, Chicago Advertising Office, 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter June 22, 1911, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under an act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscriptions \$1.50. Single copies 15c. Price in England 1/- a copy; subscriptions 13/6 the year post free. Other foreign subscriptions \$2.50 a year. Sole foreign agents: The International News Company, 5 Breams Building, London, E.C. 4, England. Ballyhoo does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

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# And now . . . it's Knee Action!

*The Modish Thing in Motors . . .*

*We Got the Idea from a Chorus Girl*



## The New Knee Action Nuick is the Nuts

THE greatest advance in motoring since you were knee high.

And our knees have real dimples!

Cooled throughout by water on the knee.

You can buy a Knee Action Nuick on Kneesy payments.

Kneed we say more?

## A GINERAL MOTORS PRODUCT

# Girls, now you can feel at home!

Install a "Dumb Plumber" in your  
Own Bathroom



## The Dumb Plumber

comes in six different colors to fit your own particular bathroom decorations, and is light enough to carry around the house or apartment.

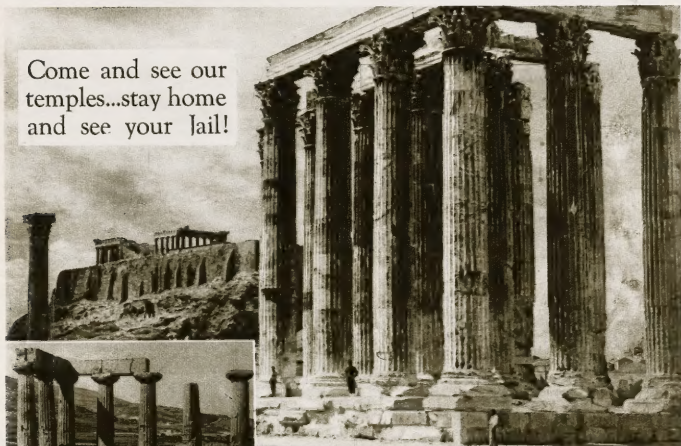
ON SALE AT ALL DEPARTMENT STORES

Enjoy your bath with a Dumb Plumber, and guard against intrusion from real plumbers.

# Things too Hot for You? Come to Greece!

*Positively no Extradition*

Come and see our  
temples...stay home  
and see your jail!



Some of the best people are visiting Greece this year. Get into a peaceful atmosphere... far from committees and investigations.

Enjoy good food . . . . Rust Bif, Strumberry Pie, Applla Pie, Picha Pie, Poomkin Pie, All Kind Pie.

Make Greece Your Last Resort!

## GRIK TRAVEL BUREAU

*Greece is famous for its many ruins. The man in the foreground was ruined in 1929. As you can see, he even lost his pants.*

# BALLYHOO

Edited by Norman Anthony

Published by Geo. T. Delacorte, Jr.





"It's my husband, but he'll turn the page in a minute."



"I've got a Viennese physician ready to discover this cream for \$200."



"I'm wondering just how to tell Isabel about the facts of life."



"Is she tired, mama?"



"That settles it—tomorrow I get a divorce!"





"I want you to keep thinking over that coal gas proposition, old man."



"You forgot my bottle of milk!"



GOOD CLEAN FUN  
The Nudettes Go in for Winter Sports.

# BALLYHOO PURITY LEAGUE

*Our Motto: A "Clean Tooth Never Decays"*



*Our President, B. Uprighteous Smipp, who founded the BALLYHOO Purity League and then lost it.*



*Mrs. Ella Toole receiving a Vice Report on conditions in Hollywood. She is leaving for the coast immediately.*



*Left—Vice President Sarah Safadio showing a group of Westchester debutantes how to cover their ankles.*



*Right—The Purity League Shock Troops waiting to advance on a Feelthy Post Card Shop.*

ADVERTISEMENTS



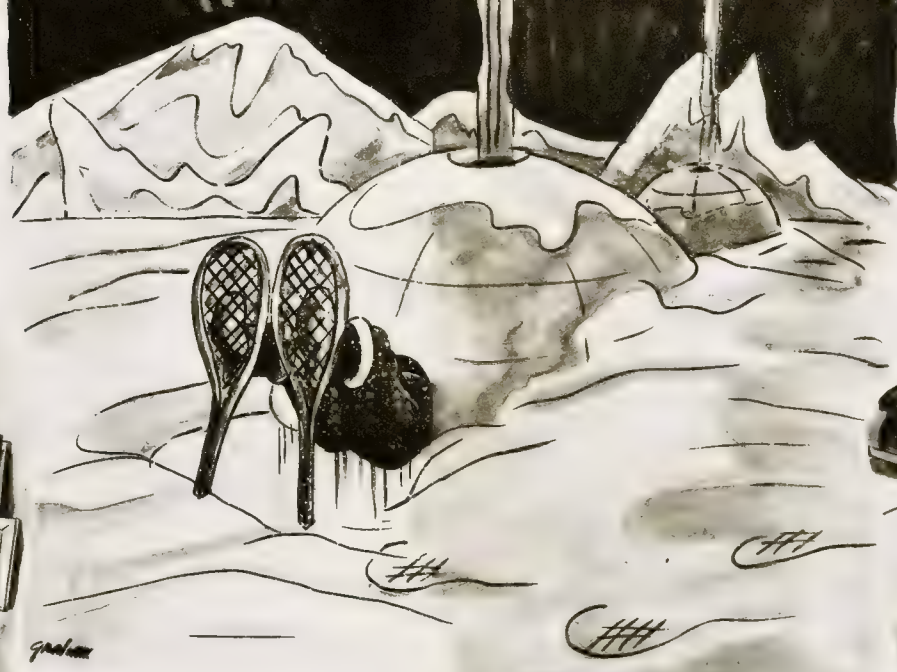
"I don't mind a little good clean  
lust."



"Grandpa wanted to come along."



"Now if I only had an idea."



"I won't take off my shoes—I can only stay a minute."



"Now that the fire's out, will you please take me back up?"



"Let's see—where were we?"



"Well I would say 'yes and no.'"  
"May we quote you on that?"

# BALLYHOO'S HALL OF FAME

## Men Who Have Helped Make the World Cleaner



*S. Billingsley Sweep, White Wing, who has won the D.S.C. and has done more to clean up our boulevards than any other citizen. "I've always ridden the horses," says Mr. Sweep, "but the automobile ruined my business."*



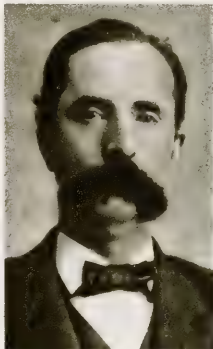
*Pokenose Snedeker, book censor, who has been cleaning the dirt out of books for years. "I certainly enjoy my work," says Mr. Snedeker. "I think my favorite job was expurgating "Fanny Hill."*



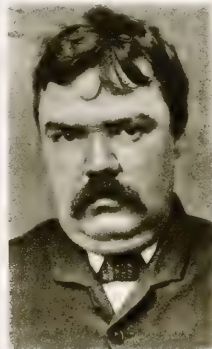
*Junius P. Schmerem, banker and philanthropist, who cleaned up the American people in the good old Hoover days. Mr. Schmerem has six service stripes and a suit of the same design.*



*Mr. B. O. Snifer, advertising counsel, who discovered "B.O.," "Athletes Foot," and "Halitosis," and the fact that any girl can win a millionaire simply by keeping her underthings washed out.*



*Inspector Howe I. Chisell, who did more to clean up the speakeasies than any man on the force. Mr. Chisell recently retired with a million dollars saved from his weekly salary of \$22.50.*

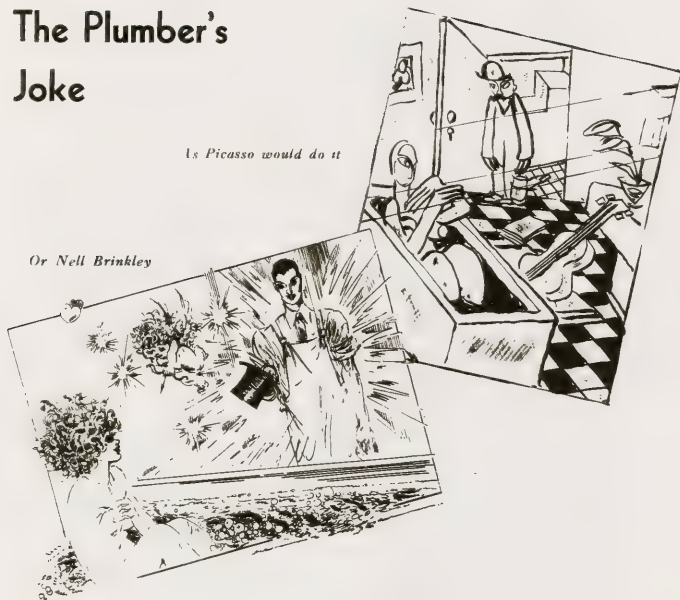


*Amos B. Mugge, politician, who has done more to keep the city clean than anybody else. "A clean city never decays," says Mr. Mugge. "The more it's cleaned the quicker it goes bankrupt."*

# The Plumber's Joke

*As Picasso would do it*

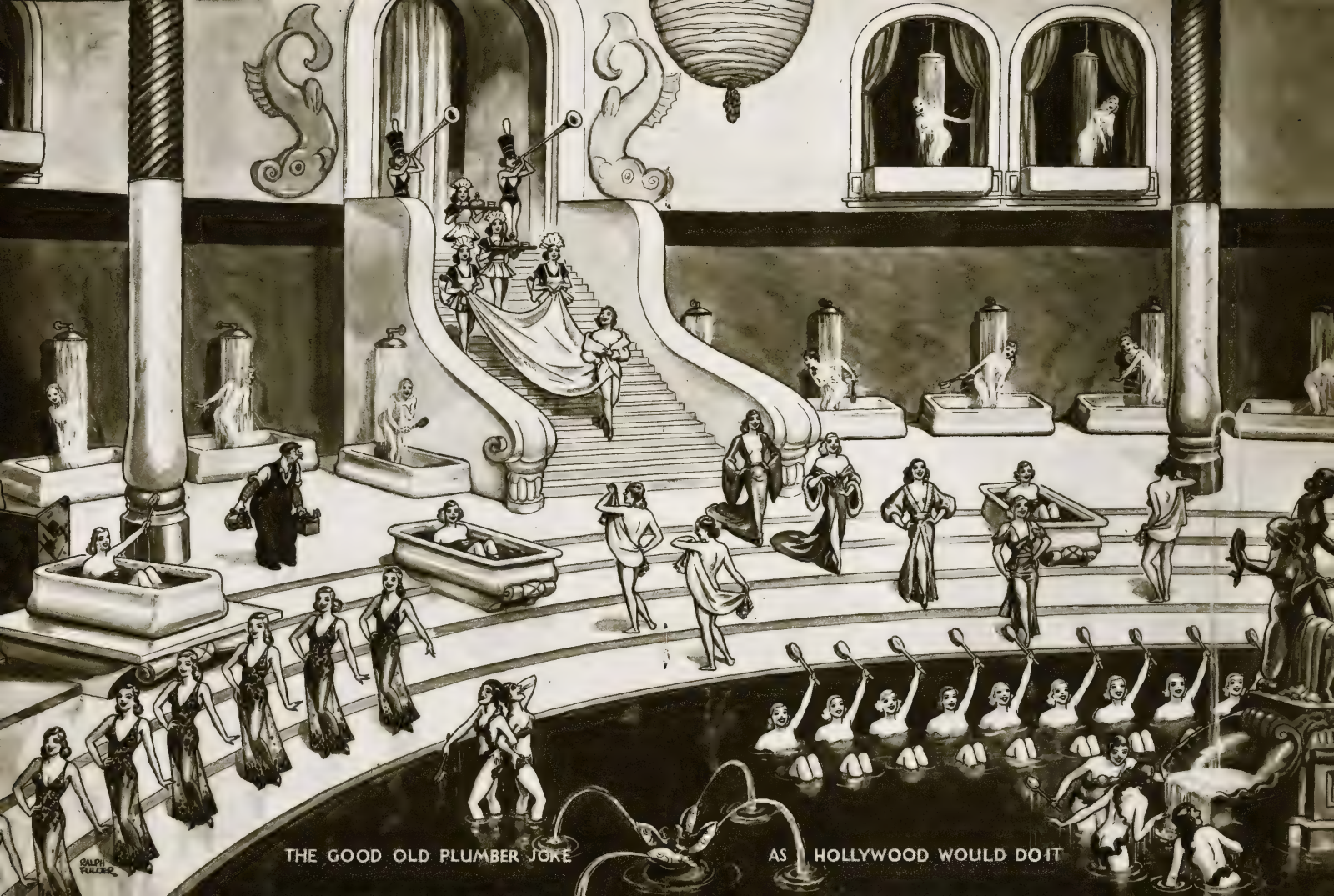
*Or Nell Brinkley*



## DARE WE FACE THE TRUTH?

*Or Windsor McKay*





THE GOOD OLD PLUMBER JOKE

AS HOLLYWOOD WOULD DO IT

RALPH  
FRANZER



# GOOD CLEAN FUN

Various Ways of Amusing Yourself at Home and Fireside



## SIMMONS SOLITAIRE

Here is a time-honored game which never fails to please. It can be played by two, also. But never by three or four, unless it's with Noel Coward, of course.

## INDOOR ELBOW RAISING

By knocking out a few walls and putting together the above equipment, Mr. Patrick Duffy of 19 1/2 Beaulieu Place, Hoboken, has solved the problem of guest entertainment. "By charging a small sum per drink," says Mr. Duffy, "guest entertainment pays for itself."

*Clara Howard*



## RUBBING NOSES

(Or sometimes called "Keep Your Nose Clean")

A dandy little game considered very safe and sanitary. Two people usually play, making sure they have passed the halitosis test.



## TARZAN OF THE APES

Why not play Tarzan of an evening with your best girl? The costumes are simple to make—all you need is an old handkerchief or a towel. Lots of fun can be had by swinging from the chandeliers and climbing around the fire escapes, the while making jungle noises.



## WHATTA WHIRL

Mr. and Mrs. Pattooti Lagatori of Kitten Corners, N. Y., shown at their mad pleasures. They are about to swing into a rapturous romantic waltz while their downstairs neighbors beat time on the ceiling.

## PIN THE DONKEY ON THE TAIL

Here is a splendid little game that gets people together very chummy, now very popular with the Fast Set of the Bronx.

# KIDDIES JUST KIDDIES

## A MAGAZINE FOR THE KIDDIES

IN THIS ISSUE

"Penthouse Passion"

"Secrets of a Sadist"

"Life Begins at 4"

20 New  
Cocktail Recipes

"WE DO OUR  
PARENTS"



"Helping Mother."

KIDDIES JUST KIDDIES

# GOOD DEED A DAY CLUB

Conducted by Aunty Bea, (who is really Uncle Jack without his pants)



Little Diana Twitchett, aged 2, who tipped off the police that her daddy was running a 50-gallon still in the cellar.

*Good work, Diana!*



Little Sammy Love, who said "Nuts!" when his Uncle Lemuel poked him in the stomach and said "Coochie, coochie!"



Little Gracie Fiddlestitch, aged 4, who was the star witness in her sister Fanny's breach of promise suit.

*Good for you, Gracie!*



Little Elsie Dinsmore, who pulled a chair out from underneath her Aunt Kate and saved a dull evening.

*Note: Aunt Kate weighs 300 lbs.*



Little Agatha Bupp, who supported her entire family by putting poison in rich Uncle Henry's pea soup.

*Good work, Agatha.*



Little Fanny Potts, aged 3, who set fire to the house and helped Daddy collect all that nice insurance money.

*Plenty of nice jam for Fanny!*

KIDDIES JUST KIDDIES

# BEDTIME STORY CORNER

Edited by Uncle Teddy Shane, Little Wee Uns and Feathered Friends Expert

(To be read to the Kiddies by Their Fond Parents Just Before Bedtime)

Well, chickabiddies, Daddy (Mummy) is going to tell you a little bedtime story and then you will all pop off and have pleasant dreams.

Once upon a time, there were three big bad lions. They were very, very hungry. Well, sir, it happened that — good little children whose names were —, and —, and — (Parents substitutes number and names of his children in blank spaces) were lost in a deep forest. It was pitch black night and they were scared to death. Owls were hooting all around them. They were going Yoo-hoo, Yoo-hoo, Yoo-hoo. Bogey men were chiming in with the owls and making terrible faces from behind trees. They were also making terrible sounds like Wheeee-whoosh, Wheeee-whoosh and Grugg-wump, grugg-wump. Snakes were hissing, hiss-hiss and ghosts were moaning—ow-ow—and clashing their chains. Suddenly the wind began to



Little Flossie Flannelmouth who smashed the hornet's nest on her Daddy's Nude Farm.

howl like this—Yeeeeow, yeeeeow; the jackals began to jackal; and the coyotes to coy-yotee! It is a terrible sound indeed, and the

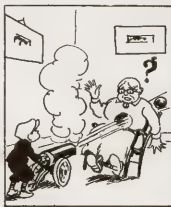
children got more and more scared. Then there was a terrific clap of thunder, and it began to rain. The thunder thundered — thunnderrr — and the lightning flashed—flllllash (Note to parents: flash lights on and off here; making effect) and the children got more and more scared.

Suddenly they began to feel things crawl over them. Worms and ants were seeking refuge on them. Ugh! This went on for some time, till along came Johnny Skunk with a great air! And just when they were feeling their most miserable the lions found them.

With one gulp the big bad lions ate up the good little children like this—gulp, gulp, gulp, and the little children were no more.

And that is the end of the story about how the big bad lions ate up the little children whose names were —, —, and —. Goodnight, little precieuses, and pleasant dreams.

## FUN FOR THE WEE UNS



## LITTLE WILLIE

# KIDDIES—JUST KIDDIES GAMES FOR LITTLE GAMINS

What to Do on Rainy Afternoons by Auntie Mae West, Our Gamey Editor

## OUR GAME DEPT.

Last month I told you all about Postoffice and this month Uncle Canfield-Shane has thought up a brand new game for you. It's called craps and you play it with two ivory squares marked from one to seven. Let's play a real game for keeps. Here's the way you play it.

Uncle Canfield has the dice. He shoots two dollars. He wants twenty little members of the Game Club to fade him. That is, each one chips in ten cents apiece and you play the two dollars. Very well then, are you ready? Uncle Canfield raises his hand, shakes the dice and rolls them out. What do the dice read? Why they read seven. Uncle Canfield wins and shoots four dollars. Forty other members must chip in ten cents apiece and fade Uncle Canfield. This is fun isn't it? All ready now. Is Uncle Canfield faded? Very well, he rolls out the bones. What do they read? Why, eleven. Uncle Canfield wins again. That's six dollars you owe Uncle Canfield.

Oh, excuse me, please, someone wants Uncle Canfield on the phone. Oh, dear children, Uncle Canfield has been called away suddenly and can't go on with the game. Someone wants to see a dog catcher about him. Well, that's six dollars the club owes Uncle Canfield and he hopes to see the money in tomorrow's mail or he'll know why.

Goodbye till next week then, kids, when Uncle Canfield hopes to tell you how to master the six-cushion Willie Hoppe backspin massé shot. I've got to fly now.

## A RAINY DAY

My, my, it's raining again today, isn't it children? Listen to the rain come down pitter-patter, pitter-patter, and ruin everyone's disposition but the taxi drivers who make lots of lovely, lovely money when it rains. What will we do? Will we sit around and sulk like Dad when Momma tells



"Kidding Kookie," one of the new games originated by Auntie Mae, author of "Why Don't You Come Up Sometime."

## BRIGHT SAYINGS

Kiddies Just Kiddies pays nothing for "Bright Sayings." Our editor, Auntie Mae, thinks them up.

Mr. I. Yiggle of Yonkers asked his son Willie what N.R.A. meant. Little Willie replied

"Nuts  
Razzberries  
Apple Sauce!"

him he can't go out for the evening? Will we get into mischief and draw on the wallpaper or tie Granddaddy's whiskers to the chair he's snoozing in? No, we won't. We'll be bright little girls and boys and do something useful.

I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll play Boy Scout. Have you ever played Boy Scout? You'll need a sharp axe. Have you got it ready? Then we'll blaze a fine beautiful path—just like the men who opened the Great North West. Junior, of course, will blaze the trail and you, Barbara, will play Girl Scout and try to find out where the trail is leading.

Have you got the axe Junior? All right. Well Barbara, you hide. Ready Junior? Then let's start here on Dad's armchair. Let's chip a little off the arm and then move over to the piano. Let's detour around the piano and take off a little mahogany from each leg. There. Done that? Then let's go into the dining room. Around the table we go, we go, snipping off a hunk here and a hunk there from the chairs. Now that we've done that under the table we go and do some underbrush work. We'll chip from the table legs. Done that? Then into the bedroom we scam, and start on the bedposts, ma's dressing table and the chaise longue. Now that we've got that done, let's warn Barbara. Yoo-hoo! Barbara! Ready! Get out your Girl Scout Rule Book and try to find Junior's trail! Now remember, look sharp or you'll miss the trail marks. Now, Junior, into the enamel room with us and under the bathtub and see if Barbara can find us.

Well, that was a good game, wasn't it children? But look, what's happened? Why, it's stopped raining! Well, we did get in a lot of good work and had a lot of fun, didn't we? But I do wish it had rained a little longer. I was just going to tell you what you could do with two matches. Better luck next month!

## FUN FOR THE WEE UNS



## KUTIE THE KILLER

## KIDDIES—JUST KIDDIES

### NATURE STUDY UNKIE TEE'S DEPT.—How to MAIL BAG

#### Make a Bird

Just think, infants, anyone can make a bird now. All you need is the in-cen-tive. That's a long word and means op-por-tu-ni-ty. I myself don't know what op-por-tu-ni-ty means, but I know what a bird is. But the idea is whenever someone says something you don't like, or Dad or Mother asks you to do something you don't want to do, it's time to make the bird. You do it this way. You blow out the cheeks, press the lips together and go "Pfwah!" The most beautiful bird in the world will fly out.

It's possible to tie six knots in a cat's tail. Just think, kids, six knots, and only get three scratches.

White mice make dandy things to scare big sister with. Just when she's sitting down on the sofa with her b.f. and gets ready to turn out the lights, sneak behind the sofa and let the mouse loose along the top of the sofa back.

Toads go well in an apple pie bed. A crab is practically a wow. Use crabs if you can possibly lay your hands on them.



Aunt Mae, Our Game Editor

Well, hello again, you little rascals. Here's old Unkie Tee with a bag full of mail again. And before he opens the bag and reads a lot of the interesting riddles letters he always get and wants to thank his little readers for the lovely whiskey they sent him for his birthday. Johnny Weismuller Cohen did cut the stuff a little and he really shouldn't have done that—it made Unkie pretty sore—but maybe he'll make up for his mistake on Christmas. By the way, kiddies, Unkie's going to have to smoke a lot of cigars next year; repeal is coming in; Unkie Tee wears size 17 shirts; and you can take a hint, can't you, you little mussy wuggins? Let me repeat the hint again!—Christmas is coming soon. Anyway, let's see what's in the mail bag.

Here's a dandy little letter full of information and before I print it I want to apologize to little George. I must of overlooked the verse he mentions:

Dear Unkie Tee: You were wrong when you said there were 48 verses to "Madamezel from Armentears." There are 49. You forgot the one that goes "The French They Are a Funny Race—Fariel-voo." It's the favorite in our house.

George Witherspoon Griggys, aged 8 1/2.

I'm glad I learned that, kiddies. Unkie Tee always is glad to learn something. And now here's a just dandy little letter from one of our little club members. I think he's in jail. My, yes, it's from Sing Sing.

Dear Unkie Tee: I want to tell you I like it here in Sing Sing. If I had not followed your article on SIXTY Ways to Play Hookey I would not of landed here. I could of beat the rap, Unkie Tee, but you always get a lot of us would wind up in jail, so I thought I'd get there as quick as I could.

Gulseppe (Blood) Wilchinski, aged 9.

And here's a really and truly human letter, a kind of letter Unkie Tee always likes to read. From an old friend, too. And would you believe it, it's got a real pome in it.

Dear Unkie Tee: Here I am back in these columns again, this time with a poem I composed. I hope you will print it.

Daddy reels around the Joint,  
Daddy sure likes gin,  
Daddy reels around the joint,  
When he comes in.  
Yours,  
John Charles Thomas, aged 3.2(%)

That was a dandy letter, wasn't it, kiddie-widdies? Unkie Tee sure can appreciate a good pome with a deep sentiment when he gets one. Let's see if we can find another letter with a pome. Why here's one:

Dear Unkie Tee: I just wrote a poem. It goes:

We was wandering in the mallowood,  
Just you and me and childhooood,  
I kissed you in the new mowa hay,  
Hay, hay, ha cha chay;  
You were mine,  
It was divine,  
Down in dear old Caroline.

Hymie (Berlin) Pasternak, aged 14.

Hymie, that sure was a dandy pome. You know, Hymie, something whispers in old Unkie Tee's ear that you've got the makings of a songwriter. Stick to it, Hymie, and plug away and you'll get there.

And here's a letter from one of our senior members.

## EARN MONEY AT HOME!

Here you are, Kiddies!

Learn how to make Big Money by spying on Sister, Mumsie and the Iceman, etc.

Send for Free Booklet

WEE UNS CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

Topeka, Kansas

## HEY, FELLERS!

Cut in on the Big Dough!

EVERYBODY likes to pick up a little extra change now and then. We all need it for this and that like marbles, licorish sticks and treating the girls. I'll tell you how to make it.

ALL you have to do is to sell 4,000 bottles of WOOSHLE'S PERFUME, "A NIGHT IN A SWAMP." It's a new scent and the ladies are crazy about it, because it can be smelled a mile away and never wears off.

THEN—when you sell the 4,000 bottles at a dime a bottle—you send in the money to me and I give you a chance on a PUICK Sedan. For every 4,000 bottles you sell you get another chance on the Sedan.

THEN—on January 14, 1987, we have the big draw for the Sedan and the lucky boy or girl who wins it can have the sedan or \$12.03 in cash. That is, if he can find me. Write me right away: Montmorency Whooshle, Kansas City, Mo.

GET IN ON THIS BIG OFFER, FELLERS!

## Tell Your Dad to buy Wilcat Mining Stock

Kids, you've heard our radio program over WBLAH and you know how you've enjoyed it. Tell the old man to get in on the ground floor on our Easy Payment Stock Offer. If he won't come across pester him till he does. Wilcat Mines, Times Bldg., N. Y.

REVOLVERS AT HALF PRICE. Write J. F., Box 45, Jersey City, N. J.

WRITE for my little booklet on how to shoot craps. Dopey Samuels, c/o Mindy's Restaurant, B'way, N. Y.

Do you wear a truss? Throw it away and put your truss in me. I'll fix you up right again, fellers. Dr. Ducknoise, N. Y.



ANOTHER COLOSSAL SERVICE!

FREE WALLPAPER

FOR

BALLYHOO READERS!

All you have to do is buy a lot of copies of Ballyhoo, and you can paper your own home!

Touhey





# HANGOVER HOUSE

*Ballyhoo's Relief station for the Nation's Inebriates*

OPEN EVERY NEXT MORNING



*Doctor Jitters examining a patient who complained that his mouth felt like a motorman's glove. It was discovered that it was something he et.*



*Steam and Rubdown Room in the Volstead Memorial Annex. Here patients are given the 3rd Degree Massage, which not only sobers them up, but renders them unfit to go out for at least a week.*



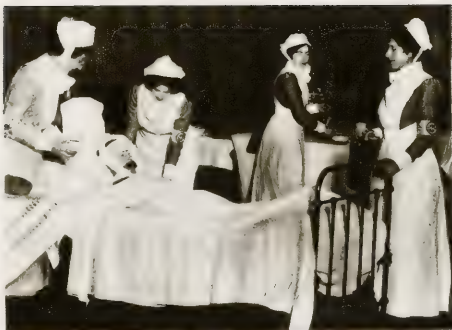
*Hangover House Patients waiting for the New Deal Treatment and their N. R. A. degree, which means "Never Again!"*



*The Drunk Testing Machine, in which they are asked the same questions their wives will ask.*



*A typical H. H. Patient before treatment. After treatment he'll be able to face the wife and do a hard day's work at the office.*



*Emergency case being treated at Hangover House for three quarts of Scotch and a tough policeman. The patient sees eight nurses.*



*A jolly group of patients just entering Hangover House.*



*Dr. Philip M'Glass searching for the perfect pick-up. So far he has mixed coffee, absinthe, red pepper, tomato juice, aspirin and Worcestershire sauce.*

*Another emergency case receiving first aid treatment from his pretty nurse.*

**OUR MOTTO**  
*"The tighter the patient, the more beautiful the nurse."*





"Remember, Fosdick, a clean mind in  
a clean body."





"Come in, dear, I was just showing Mr. Anderson your trophies."

# ADLAFFS

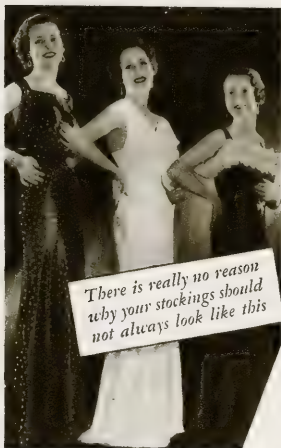
BALLYHOO PAYS \$10 FOR EACH ADLAFF PRINTED



## SIMONIZ

Gives Lasting  
Beauty!

*So that's how he got that way!*



*"Why don'tcha c'm  
up and see me some  
time?"*



## LOOK OUT!

don't catch the other fellow's cold  
Gargle Listerine at once to kill germs!

*So the lady took a bottle out of her purse and gargled right  
then and there!*

EXTRA! ELMER ZILCH'S DOUBLE HAS BEEN FOUND!



Are MEN too  
**POLITE?**  
to you at parties?

"I'll say they are, the lousy bums!"



What manner of woman  
is this?

DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF



Phone Columbus 1492 and ask  
for Chris.

A long smoke is out between sets  
but a B.T.A. belongs



So they play tennis at night now!

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S COLOSSAL ISSUE OF BALLYHOO!



The Demand for Back-Scrubbers  
is increasing daily

**EARN \$100 A WEEK  
IN YOUR SPARE TIME**

*Every Housewife a Potential Customer*

*You can learn to markedly Easy Lessons.  
be a Fancy Back- Join the Scrub Team  
Scrubber in ten re- and clean up.*

**BACK-SCRUBBING INSTITUTE**  
BACK BAY, MASS.

## BALLYHOO'S CLEAN DICTIONARY

(for the pure in heart)

Proving that even modern jokes  
may be clean as a hound's tooth if  
you get the right meaning.

**Appeal:**—Call for sympathy.

**Bathroom:**—A place for bathing in  
privacy.

**Bathtub:**—See bathroom.

**Bottom:**—The deepest part of any-  
thing.

**Breast-stroke:**—Arm motion used in  
swimming.

**Bull:**—Male of any bovine mammal.

**Bust:**—Statue of head and shoulders.

**Can:**—A metal container of small  
size.

**Cheek:**—The side of the face.

**Chicken:**—Young of domestic fowl.

**Crap:**—A game played with dice.

**Fanny:**—A girl's name.

**Fire Hydrant:**—A street fixture for  
the sole use of firemen.

**Gal:**—Unit of liquid measure.

**Goose:**—A web-footed domesticated  
bird.

**Ice-man:**—One who delivers ice.

**Keyhole:**—That part of a lock used  
only for the insertion of a key.

**Make:**—Fabricate or manufacture.

**Manhole:**—A place where work is  
done beneath the street. Not to  
be confused with observation  
tower.

**Men's room:**—Lounging room for men.

**Neck:**—Part of a bird.

**Nerts:**—See nuts.

**Nuts:**—The fruit of certain trees.

**Pansy:**—A brightly colored flower.

**Pet:**—Small, tame animal.

**Plumber:**—A workman who confines  
his activities exclusively to the  
repair of water pipes.

**Slut:**—An untidy woman.

**Stenographer:**—A shorthand writer.

**Step in:**—Enter.

**Tart:**—A small open pie.

**Truss:**—Timbers fastened together  
for the support of a roof.

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